77.4

Divine Hymns,
OR A
PARAPHRASE
UPON
The *TE DEUM*, &c.
And the SONG of
The Three Children
OR
CANTICLE
Benedicite omnia opera, &c.
AS
They are in the Book
OF
COMMON PRAYER.

By *T. Walker*, B.D. Fellow of *Sidney-Sussex* College.

Omnis creatura non voce, sed opere laudat dominum, quia in creaturis consequenter creator intelligitur, & in singulis operibus atque officiis Dei magnificentia demonstratur. Hieron. Commentt. in Cantic. *Benedicite omnia opera*, &c.

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed by *J. Hayes*, Printer to the University; for *W. Graves*, Bookseller there, 1691.

Divine Hymns,

OR A

PARAPHRASE

UPON

The TE DEUM, &c.

And the SONG of

The Three Children

CANTICLE

Benedicite omnia opera, &c.

AS

They are in the Book

OF

COMMON PRAYER.

By T. Walker, B.D. Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College.

Omnis creatura non vece, sed opere laudat dominum, quia ex creaturis configuratur creator intelligitur, & in figuris rerum usque effectibus Dei magnificentia demonstratur. Hieron. Comment. in Cantic. Benedicite omnia opera, &c.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. Hayes, Printer to the University: for W. Graves, Bookseller there. 1691.

PREFACE.

THAT so much as the Learned know that the most ancient and excellent Art, or rather gift of Poetry, should be so much despised, and neglected on the one hand, and abused and corrupted on the other. Indeed the great abuses in which it has been found, and the disservice that men have thereby done to Religion and Vertue, are the only Apology that can be made for those severe and reproachful censures which have been cast upon it by several sober and serious persons of great gravity and judgment, and which can only excuse for the contempt under which it labours at present, in the esteem of some such. For certainly when good sense and serious admonitions are decently conveyed in smooth and elegant language, when the pathetick and discourse are blended with the most powerful motives and arguments to virtue, when the most sublime sentences, and becoming representations of things are set off with choice and all the other ornaments of Poetick numbers and expression, they must needs address themselves very powerfully to our minds, and dispose us to receive those affections either to detest or love our Duty and Fate, which are the chief ends of most other parts

than when our conceptions are propounded naked, and destitute of that adventagious clothing. To which purpose the observant Waller writes excellently to the Earl of Roscommon:

Well-sounding Verses are the Charm we use,
Heroick thoughts, and vertue to infuse;
Things of deep sense we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more, in lofty numbers told;
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn, that sound, as well as sense, perswades.

And without question, it was by delivering good precepts of morality, in pleasant and tuneful Verses, and not by the sound of his Harp alone, that Orpheus wrought such wonders amongst his country men, as to reclaim them from a savage barbarity, to a civil and virtuous conversation; which is understood by his drawing Trees after him, by the charming Musick of his Lyre. It seems to appear from this instance, as well as from several others, which might be produced, that the Light of Nature taught this manner of writing, as the most commodious and easie way of infusing her precepts into our tender minds; which are more apt to imbibe those rules which are gently instilled into them, by the soft and insinuating dissillations of Poetical numbers, than when they are delivered with a Magisterial authority, and cramp'd with severe threats, in harsh and ruggid language. For

[illegible] naturally a good opinion of themselves and [illegible] of another's usurping authority over them, and therefore do not like so well to be forc'd unto their duty, as to be won with mild and alluring methods. Seeing then this way of writing is apt to insinuate it self into our minds, to excite in us high passions, and affections more effectual to the matter it treats of, and the instruction it intends, we ought to be the more concern'd to regulate the abuse of it, and endeavour to employ it about such subjects, which may render it useful and beneficial to our selves as well as to the publick, instead of being dangerous and pernicious unto them both. Nor have we any which do so highly deserve this charge, or call us to contribute its credit, as a serious application of it to that end and purpose, for which it was design'd by Nature and its Author God himself: for to set forth his praises, to extol his Judgments and his mercies, that the first matter about which Poetry was employ'd, as we find from the Song of Moses, the most ancient Poetick Hymn that it may be even now; and for certain none that are now extant can compare with them for Antiquity, for that divine Ode which Moses and the children of Israel Sang, when they had past the red Sea, in which the Egyptians were drown'd, is an antient above five Hundred years before Homer was born, as appears from computation of the Times in the anatomy of Chronology. Thus did Poetry serve its Apprenticeship in the Temple, and was very early dedicated to the Ideas of religious worship, and for a long time kept it self free from

the

the vile Arts of flattery, and the vilier offices of being instrumental in exciting men to Lewdness and irreligion. But as the Devil loves to dance upon holy ground, and to play his magick tricks in imitation of divine miracles; so he envying the service that was done to religion, by the help of divine Hymns, attempted to destroy the chast singing, and to divert his sacred inspired strains into prophane and impure channels. The Learned need not be instructed, how he did wont of old, to mask his grossest Religions in Poetical garbs, and so to make them look more august and solemn, by the Majesty of their Names, to charm his credulous Devotees into a belief of their Divinity, and prophetick inspiration. And since those Oracles have been silenc'd by the Son of God, as they themselves were forc'd to confess, he has been industrious to convey the poyson into the minds of men through other pipes, in no less pernicious a way, by a two-fold means; by uniting men to the composition of Ecclesiastical Psalms, Lewd Songs, and Tribe of Levi, &c. scurrilous Rhimes; in which inglorious sort of Wit some of our modern Poets have only exceeded their forefathers; and in which they have arrived to much skill and warrant, against all Orders of men, whose business it is to Evidence Religion, that any one with half an Eye may see, that the darkness of those dark sons of Satyr, strike at Religion, whilest they wound the credit and reputation of those men who are chiefly employ'd in its service, for the readier way to bring it to contempt upon that, is to vilifie those who serve it daily at the Altar, and by word know ordinary obli-

obligations, are engag'd to ſtand up in its vindication. Methinks if no other reſtraints cou'd bridle the petulancy of ſuch licentious writers, yet the indecency, and unmannerlyneſs of being rude and ſurrilous, might have ſome effect upon men who pretend to good breeding; and that the ſuppoſed faults of a few, ſhou'd not provoke them to ſpit ſuch venom againſt the whole order, leſt others of as good ſenſe as themſelves, make uſe of their own weapon to wound themſelves with, and take the ſame method of arguing againſt them, that they do againſt others, thus, that, by the ſame way of reaſoning, a man might write Satyrs againſt all mankind, who, if they be not very Cyphers of the Creation, are liſted, and to be reck'ned into ſome profeſſion, rank, or denomination; in which it will not be difficult to find many irregularities, and offences: but if upon this account men of different degrees and ſtations, ſhou'd take the liberty to expoſe each others party, to be worried with ſlanders, and reproaches, what ſtrife, diſorder, and confuſion muſt needs follow from ſuch inhuman, and irrational proceedings? it won'd be more eligible to ſpend our lives in a retired ſolitude, remote from all company, and to forego all the advantages of humane ſociety, rather than to be loaded with all the crimes, and reproaches, which perhaps one in ſome Hundreds may deſerve to be accus'd off, and with which he may without injuſtice be upbraided. I ſhall cloſe my reflections upon this point, with the words of one of the beſt Poets, Mr W. this age has produc'd, which afford both matter of inſtruction, and reproof.

He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his Judgment shows,
Chast moral writing, we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no Wit can recompence;
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream, shou'd never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow
Which Envy or perverted nature sow.

'Tis needless to enlarge in the commendation of divine Poetry, especially to those who have any reverence for Religion; seeing that God *has been pleas'd that so considerable a part of holy Scripture shou'd be indited in this way of writing; or to spend Time in setting forth its deserved praise to those, who have any respect or esteem for Antiquity. In other cases we have usually a great veneration for it, and mon pore upon the broken letters of an old, and rusty inscription, as if they had been written with the pen of an Angel; whereas after much pains taken, perhaps they find, by the poorness of its stuff, and expression, that 'tis some rude composure of an illiterate* Monk; *or a barbarous relique of the* Goths *and* Vandals: *how much more worthy of our study and regard, are those divine Songs, recorded in the Scripture; which for Antiquity, exceed the most antient Monuments extant; and in sublimity of expression, and profoundness of sense, excell all human compositions, as do all the o-*

ther

ther writings of their inspired Authors. And tho the two Hymns I have at present undertook to paraphrase, be no part of canonical Scripture, yet are they so full of divine sense, and affectionate devotion, as to be thought worthy to deserve a place in our publick Liturgy. The first beyond question being as antient as St Ambrose; and a faithfull record of orthodox Divinity, and sincere Piety. The Church of Rome indeed, without sufficient ground, admits the Song of the Three children into the Canon of holy Writ, and places it in the Third Chapter of Daniel; where it was not to be found, either in the Hebrew Text; or Translation of the Seventy Interpreters, when St Hierom translated the Bible into Latin: for he says himself in his Comments upon this Song, that he turn'd it from the version of Theodotion; which he would not have done, if it had been to be found in either of the forementioned copies of Hebrew, or Greek; which at the same time, both shows that it is of good Antiquity, and also disproves the pretenses of the Roman party, of its being an authentick portion of canonical Scripture. But zeal and prejudice have so blinded the Understandings of some, in other respects, judicious men that rather than they will forego their false, but preconceiv'd opinions, and notions, they run into gross mistakes, and commit intolerable blunders; and are so intent upon gaining their point, that they skip over all the little niceties of probability and proof. Otherwise how could it happen, that so learned a Man as Morinus, in his Edition of the Septuagint at Paris, with Nobilius his Notes, shou'd

place this Song in the Third Chapter of Daniel, *as part of the Seventy's translation, without offering any reason, or making any Apology for his so doing: which he cou'd not but be convinc'd was a cheat put upon the world: except he imagin'd, that the vulgar Latin, which stands over against it, and is made the only authentick Text, by the Council of* Trent, *by the vertue of its usurped authority, cou'd, as Chymists are said to transmute Metals, change the Greek of* Theodotion *into that of the Septuagint: for as hath been shew'd before, this Canticle was not in the Seventy's Translation in S. Hierom's time: for if it had he wou'd certainly have translated his Latine from thence, it being of more authority than the Greek of* Theodotion. *A man may venture to guess at the reason, without fear of being reputed a conjurer, that induc'd the Council of* Trent, *to receive those books into the* Canon *of holy Scripture, which we, according to the Judgment of the ancient council of* Laodicea, *and the sense of the learnedest Fathers, in the best ages, account to be but* Apocryphal: *because they being destitute of better proofs to maintain some doctrines, in which they dissent from us, and the Catholick church, fancy they find a colourable authority to support them in these books; as for Instance, because* Ananias, Azarias, *and* Misael *are call'd upon in this Canticle, to praise God, therefore from thence they frame an argument for the Invocation and worship of Saints: but it much betrays the badness of a cause, to endeavour to establish it by such infirm props, and invalid reasons, which unlike to* Rome *of old*

don't ruin themſelves by their own ſtrength, but by their own weakneſs: for by a parity of reaſon, they may as well bring an argument for the lawfulneſs of worſhiping the Sun, Moon, and Stars, which are likewiſe call'd upon, and excited to praiſe God *in this Song. I am ſenſible of having treſpaſs'd upon the candid Readers patience, by prefixing ſo large a preludium to ſo ſlender a performance: but whilſt I was thinking to ſay ſomewhat to the purpoſe, one thing brought in another, and I cou'd not without ſome reluctancy, ſuppreſs the conceptions, and reſentments which offer'd themſelves to my meditation. I ſhall only beg the favour of adding a few Lines more, concerning my preſent undertaking. In the firſt Hymn, I have endeavour'd to keep cloſe to the ſenſe of it, and hope I have not omitted, or misinterpreted any thing material therein. Where the Song ſeems to begin afreſh,* Thou art the King of Glory O Chriſt----- *I have inſerted Four lines to uſher it in;* Thus whilſt on Earth, &c. *In the latter I have had reſpect to* Horace *his rule, to which all other rules muſt be ſubject, as to the moſt Eſſential, as* Rapin *well obſerves, viz.* Reddere convenientia cuique, *by endeavouring to obſerve a* Decorum *in bringing in every creature praiſing* God, *after that manner, which ſeems moſt agreeable to its Nature, wherein if I have at any time fail'd, the defect was in my Judgement not in my will. I muſt confeſs the difficulty of expreſſing the ſame ſence, almoſt in every* Stanza, *with different Phraſes, and of concluding each with Three Rhimes, to which I at firſt tyed my ſelf, has forc'd me to make*

Hor. de Arte Poet.

make use of some words, not altogether so fit, and proper, as I cou'd have chosen, if I had not been fetter'd with this threefold chain; but yet, I hope, I have not distorted the sense of any word so far, or used any phrase so uncouthly, but that a candid interpretation, and Poetical liberty may be fairly allow'd to plead my excuse.

A PARAPHRASE UPON *The* Te Deum, *&c.*

WE, with our Hearts, our tuneſull voice will raiſe,
In grateſull Hymns, to great *Jehovah's* praiſe;
Nor will we any other Gods confeſs,
Who all than Him are Infinitely leſs.

Thee, mighty Father, all the world adore,
Invoke thy Bounty, and thy Help implore;
For Bounty can't exhauſt thy endleſs ſtore.

When Thou command'ſt, the Angels ſwiftly run,
And, in their flight, out-go the poſting Sun;
Whoſe ſplendid faces tho they brightly ſhine,
Yet are but darkneſs, when compar'd with Thine.

They,

They, in continual ſongs, reſound thy Praiſe,
And make the Heavens eccho to their Lays.

Thee *Cherubin*, and *Seraphin* proclaim,
And, in ſuch ſtrains as theſe, dilate thy Name;
Thrice Holy *Lord* of *Hoſts*, what tongue can find
Clear language, to expreſs the labouring mind?
When it attempts, in fitting words, to tell,
The hidden wonders, that in *Three-One* dwell:
Thy Fame, Thô Heaven's ſo high, and earth's ſo (low,
Does their too narrow limits overflow;
And thô there were a Thouſand Worlds in ſtore,
Thy ſpreading Glory ſtill wou'd ask for more.

Th' *Apoſtles*, by the World ſo rudely ſcorn'd;
Now with the brighteſt rays of light adorn'd,
And in ſublimeſt Bliſs, exalted High,
With praiſes fill the Circles of the Skie.

The *Prophets* too, who taught thy Heavenly Law,
And things to come, in Dreams, and viſions ſaw;

With

With clearer eyes, view thy resulgent face,
And all thy winding providences trace:
Then, in an extasie of Joy, admire,
And rend the Heavens in a chanting Quire.

The *Martyrs*, who a Thousand deaths withstood,
And swam to Heav'n, in Seas of Purple Blood,
Now, with Triumphant Garlands crown'd, rehearse
Thy matchless praise, in never-dying verse:
The fruitfull offspring of their blood they view,
And then again their Joyfull songs renew.

Thee, *Holy Church* throughout the World does own,
Th' Eternal Father, of th' Eternal Son;
He's truly so, not by Adoption Thine;
But with the same cōeval rays does shine:
None others with him in this Glory share,
Thy only, true, and Honourable Heir:
That worship which we Justly pay to Thee,
We offer Him, upon the bended knee,
Worship divine supposes Deity.

One undivided *Essence* still remains,
Which Father, Son, and Holy Ghost contains.
To *Him* the Universal Church does sing,
Who o're the Waters spread his brooding Wing,
When darkness overlaid the formless Deep,
And all things in Non-Entity did sleep:
Before the Sun his Flaming course began;
Or passive Earth was fashion'd into Man.
To *Him* all Hearts, which He inspires, do bow;
Who from the Father, and the Son did flow.
In streams, which from Eternity did run;
Like Floods of light, from th' Ocean of the Sun:
Thô He's the *God* of comfort, and of Love,
He does the wicked World for sin reprove.

Thus, whilst on Earth, she blows Her dying fire,
'Till she be mingled with the Heav'nly Quire,
Does, with fresh Songs, th' immortal Theme pursue,
And thus again Her fainting breath renew.

Enlarge the Gates of Praise; shut those of Sin,
And let th' Eternal King of Glory in:

O *Chriſt!* who never didſt beginning own;
But ſat'ſt upon the Everlaſting Throne,
With God the Father, happy in that ſtate,
Before you did the ſpacious World create:
And when the nobleſt creature that was made,
By Sin, and Folly, had himſelf betray'd;
Thou, with compaſſion, view'd his coming Fate,
And didſt the rigour of his Doom rebate:
And when thou didſt th' endearing work begin,
To expiate the heinous guilt of Sin,
Thou thy tranſcendent Glory didſt entomb,
And ſhroud thy God-head, in the *Virgins* womb:
Thoſe radiant beams, that did ſurround thy Head,
Which would have ſtruck frail mortal Nature dead,
Were with a veil of darkſom Fleſh o'reſpread.
Nor did thy Love the tedious paths decline,
To which thou didſt thy patient Soul reſign:
A Thouſand terrors in thy breaſt did roul,
And ghaſtly ſights diſmay'd thy fainting Soul;

Such dreadfull Agonies thy body tore;
That clotted blood ſprang from each widened pore:
But Oh! what tongue can fully repreſent
The grief, when nails thy Hands, and Feet had rent?
A ſable darkneſs clad the mourning Skie,
And even Rocks relented at thy Cry;
They burſt in ſunder at that dolo'rous groan,
Which cou'd not pierce ſome harder hearts of ſtone:
Then for a time thy *God-head* did retire,
And left Thee in a painfull death t' expire.

Then all our Sins on thy ſtrong Shoulders lay;
But thou, like *Sampſon*, bore the Gates away!
And as a *Victor*, marching from the Plain,
Cover'd with mangled bodies of the ſlain;
With Laurel crown'd, laden with richeſt ſpoil,
Does then reward his Valiant Souldiers Toil:
So Thou, when death lay vanquiſh'd at thy Feet,
In Triumph, didſt thy faithfull ſervants meet,
And thus with ſmiles, and pleaſing language greet.

Your

Your ſins no longer ſhall your Joys delay;
I've open'd now to Heav'n th' inviting way,
To you, who 've died e're ſince the World began,
And unto ev'ry true believing man:
Enter the bliſful ſeats of endleſs Joy,
Where neither pains, nor woe, nor fears annoy.
Thus having all thy weary ſtages gone,
Thou didſt aſcend up to thy Native Throne:
With Joys ſurrounded, and with glory crown'd,
With which the *Father* does not more abound.

But when the Day of Univerſal *Doom*,
Bleſt to the good, but direful unto ſome,
Shall o're the Hills aſcend, with trembling ray,
And drive the leſs affrighting Night away;
Then with the brighteſt robes of Light array'd,
(The Sun to Thee will ſeem but like a ſhade)
Thou wilt deſcend: th' *Ethereal* Trump ſhall ſound,
Louder than Thunder, all the World around,
And from the dark receſſes of the grave,
And watry bowels, of the ſurging wave,

Shall

Shall ſummon all the Dead: the liſtning duſt
Of wicked men, as well as of the Juſt,
Shall hear, and to their fellow *Atoms* cry
Riſe up, to meet the Judge enthron'd on High:
Then thoſe, who never taſted bitter death,
Shall in a moment looſe their fleeting breath;
New ſhapes aſſume of Glory, or of ſhame,
And be conſign'd to Bliſs, or endleſs flame.
Myriads of Bleſſed ſpirits on Thee wait,
And, in a Pompous Train, attend thy State:
Shrill Clarions ſound, and waving Banners play,
Whileſt thro' the air they cut their eaſie way.
The roſie Sun, amidſt his haſty flight,
Suſpends his courſe, to view th' amazing ſight;
Affrighted then, ſhoots forth ſuch fiery beams;
That melted Mountains flow in pitchy ſtreams.
The ſpangled Heavens, and the Sphears above,
Aſtoniſht too, in dire confuſion move:
From crackling Orbs, the Stars come tumbling down,
And, in the hiſſing Sea, their Tapers drown.

The

The Frame of Nature shall dissolve, and dye,
New Heav'ns and Earth, the former's place supply.
Then holy Church with flagrant zeal shall sing,
Her sweetest praise, in zealous prayers she'll send
Assist with thy Almighty aid we pray,
And guide poor mortals in the rightfull way:
We of our selves, are helpless, weak, and blind,
Unthankful, proud, inconstant as the wind.
O'recome with passions, and with Lusts oppress,
With Legions of infernal fiends possest:
Yet for such wretches thou resign'd thy breath,
And underwent a smart, inglorious death:
Those streams of blood, which from thy body ran,
Were shed to save, and rescue sinful Man:
That precious blood, which issu'd from thy side,
Wou'd have redeem'd a Thousand Worlds beside:
No finite tongue its value can repeat,
Whose worth, and price, was infinitely great.
This wondrous Love relieves our pining mine:
Supports our minds, and banishes despair;

Inspires

Inſpires with Hope, and drives away our Dread;
And makes us dare to raiſe our drooping Head;
And beg the greateſt *Boon* that can be giv'n,
The bleſt enjoyment of a glorious Heav'n:
Where with the *Saints*, we ſhall for ever ſing,
Sweet *Halelujah's*, to th' Eternal *King*.
What Joys and raptures fill that bliſsfull place?
Where we ſhall view the *God-head* face to face.
Heav'n! the beſt object of our longing mind,
Where happy Souls, true, ſolid pleaſures find:
Secureſt Harbour, whither can we fly,
When ſtorms, and clouds obſcure our troubled Skie.
And that we may this calm, ſafe Port obtain;
Save us from Shipwrack, on the boiſtrous main;
From *Pyrats* guard us, and from *Sirens* keep,
Whilſt we are Sailing o're the dang'rous Deep.

Let not the Wolf, the Lyon, or the Fox,
Devour thy Church; or harm thy tender Flocks;
But with thy true, and faithfull *Paſtors*, feed
The Scatter'd remnants of thy choſen ſeed;

Defend

Defend them from their proud insulting foes,
Whose rage still encrease, and more imbitter'd grows:
Their sinking minds, and feeble bodies bear
Above the reach of worldly hopes, or fear;
And if thy wisdom thinks it just and meet,
Let all their foes lye prostrate at their feet.

We 're dayly mindfull of thy constant care,
And dayly offer up our thankful prayers;
In sacred Hymns, we extol thy glorious Name,
And in Thy Temple celebrate thy Fame;
And as thy Church for ever shall endure,
Under thy watchfull providence secure,
Nor blasting envy; nor malicious rage,
With which they're vainly shall engage,
Shall ever her foundation overturn,
Tho' men, and Devils too, against it spurn:
So, whilst they join in heart, and hand to bring
An humble Sacrifice to their Heav'nly King,
Nor will the chase to praise, and worship Thee,
When Towns inhabited in Europe

Conscious of guilt, and of our frailty too,
How prone we are our failings to renew,
We beg thy aid, and thy assisting grace,
To keep our feet from stumbling in our race:
And seeing Time so swiftly flies away,
And even to it self becomes a prey,
'Tis Folly to neglect the present Day,
Teach us our Instant moments to improve,
In all the duties both of fear, and Love,
For life's uncertain, and the Years to come,
May not be springing from Times unfathom'd womb,
E're we be rotting in a loathsom Tomb.

Our faults are many, and our sins are great,
Therefore our calls for mercy we repeat,
Have mercy, *Lord!* for mercy still we cry,
Let not thy Love our humble suit deny,
For who could stand before thy Judgement seat,
If Mercy did not with thy Justice meet?
We should not boldly thus thy favour crave,
But that we know no other Gods can save:

We dare not to the best of *Saints* resign,
That fear, and trust, which are intirely *Thine*:
And as we place our confidence in *Thee*,
So from confusion ever keep us free,
From Worldly shame, and *Satans* Tyranny.

NOTE.

PAG. the 2. lin. 7. I have used *resound* in a transitive sense, upon the authority of *Virgil*.

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas. *Eclog.* 1. *lin.* 5.

Pag. the 8. *lin.* 6. quick and not quick is not quick ground, which is not quick, but dead.

Then those who never tasted bitter death,
Shall in a moment loose their fleeting breath.

Here I allude to that Mystery of Divine Providence in the 15. Chap. of the 1. Epist. Cor. 51. 52. where he says, we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, which I conceive is not so to be understood, as that those who shall be found alive at the coming of Jesus Christ, shall wholly escape the sentence decreed against Sinners, Death, which is to pass upon all, being that all have sinned, but that they shall all dye suddenly, either through fear, or some other present unusual cause, and undergo a separation of their soules from their bodies, but they being quickly to be reunited again, and their bodies neither dead in the grave, or turn'd into dust, as the persons so dying shall be said then to sleep, tho they were truly dead, because they were not laid in the grave, nor so likely to rise with their Fathers, as the buried with their Fathers, only figuratively, as in holy Scripture. So that this seems to be the Apostle's meaning, we shall not all dye, some of us shall undergo our graves, there to rise with the rest, but some suddenly, as from after-ages [illegible] will

Rom. 5. 12.

will have their reward, and shall appear in Judgment:
Heb. 9. 27. for it is appointed unto all men once to dye, and after that the Judgment.

But what is herein contain'd the Reason of what is mention'd by the Apostle? herein, as I suppose, that from the ignorance of the time when the dead should arise, and of the manner of Judgment, the Corinthians shou'd not take any occasion, either to disbelieve, or make any objection against the resurrection of the body: for St Paul having before discours'd only concerning the resurrection of those bodies, which were turn'd into dust, he does in the verse before quoted, as well further instruct the Corinthians in this matter, as preoccupy an objection which they might make against his preceding doctrin, which we may suppose to be from a like manner of reasoning, as that foregoing discourse framed concerning the body's being raised from dust, and have thus drawn your doctrine from what is shown

V. 36. in the ground, which is not quickned except it dye, i. e. unless it be buried in the earth, and dissolved

V. 42. manner you argue the resurrection of the dead, as is shown in Corruption, it is raised in Incorruption; understanding what will become of those who shall be found alive in the day of Judgement, whose bodies will not lye in the grave to be corrupted, and raised incorrupt. Shall not they therefore rise again

Rom. 7. 11. they shall not be changed? no they shall not, but they shall die, those have been who died before them, and they shall live again, and be raised up to a new, and their corruptible bodies shall be changed into incorruptible. From which interpretation of the

P. 579. Fathers Oecumenius upon the place, (ὁ δὲ ἀναστήσεται ἀφθαρτος, τουτέστιν ὁ ἀπαθανατισθήσεται, τουτέστιν ὁ ἀπαθὴς ἔσται) and Theophylact upon the same words, we shall all sleep, but we shall all be changed, is ought to be understood in this sense, that we shall not sleep so long a sleep, that we shall either lye in the grave, or be buried in corruption, but those who shall be found shall undergo a short death, which cannot enjoy any long sleep, by reason of the suddenness of it: from that will follow, that all shall be changed, that is, will shall put on incorruption, with

A PARAPHRASE

Upon the Canticle

Benedicite omnia opera, &c.

I.

O Earth arise ye Heavens downward bend,
And to your great *Creators* praise attend:
The inspiring Theme will flowing Numbers lend.

II.

Let all the Works which *Gods* commanding word,
From Nothing, into Being brought, afford
Immortal praises to the Eternal *Lord*.

III.

Ye Angels that in wondrous strength excell,
Praise the most *High*, because you never fell,
And bring the copious Theme for ever dwell.

Ye

IV.

Ye Spheres whose high and vast expanded Face,
Can't limit Him, who knows no Time nor Place;
Extend Gods praise beyond your bounded Space.

V.

You who so nimbly climb, and swiftly fly,
And in perpetual rolls dance round the Skie;
Your motions Tune to grateful Harmony.

VI.

Ye Waters which th' *Almighty* does prepare,
Above the spacious Regions of the Air,
In murmuring sounds His dreadful Name declare.

VII.

Ye Natural Pow'rs, whose dark mysterious Laws,
Confound the searchers into ev'ry Cause,
'Advance His Pow'r whence *Nature* vertue draws.

VIII.

Bright Sun, when thou arisest from thy bed,
And on the World thy pow'rfull beams doest shed,
God's praise, with Heat and Light, together spread.

Thou

XX.

Thou and the Moon, we guide the Day and Night,
Send back your Rays up to the source of Light,
And raise God's Glory above your dazling Height.

XX.

Ye Stars, whose faint and languid beams bestow
A weaker Influence on Things below,
Unite your force, and God's Just Praises show.

XXI.

Let fruitful showrs, which cool the gaping Ground,
And make the Earth with Corn and Wine abound,
God's praises o're the Hills and Vales resound.

XXII.

Ye Dews which on the Herbs fresh verdure bring,
Fly back in vapours to your Heav'nly spring,
And carry Praises on your balmy wing.

XXIII.

Ye boistrous Winds, which send the trembling Skie,
Where e'er your never-flagging Wings shall fly,
Disperse your Sov'reign Praises far and nigh.

Let

XIV.

Let breezing Gales, which Fan the buxom Air,
And o're the Seas the floating Castles bear,
Perfume their gentle breach with thankful Prayer.

XV.

Enlivening Heat, and All-consuming Fire,
From human use, to sacred *Rites* retire,
And unto *Heav'n* in flaming Praise aspire.

XVI.

Ye different Seasons of the changing year,
Summer and Winter, let your Praise appear,
Through ev'ry cloudy Day, in ev'ry clear.

XVII.

Let blooming *Spring*, and fruitful *Autumn* try,
In richest praise, each other to outvie,
And never cease 'till aged *Time* shall die.

XVIII.

Let all the *Meteors* hanging in the Air,
The lofty Dews, and Frosts with silver Hair,
Pure, virgin Praises unto God prepare.

XXX.

Let lambent Flames, which sulphurous Tempests play,
And wandring Fires, which lead us from our way,
God's praise below in ev'ry shining Ray.

XXX.

Ye gaudy colours of the Showrie Bow,
Which from reflection, and refraction flow,
Let streaming Praise surround your painted Brow.

XXXI.

Ye Frost and Cold, whose rigorous force delays
The pleasing Comforts of the warmer Days,
Bend all your rigour to th' *Almighties* Praise.

XXXII.

Let Snow, which clothes the naked Earth in white,
And Ice, which stops the liquid water's flight,
Dissolve in Praises to the God of might.

XXXIII.

Wake sluggish Nights, sing Days with cheerfull joy;
Your precious Hours to Gods great praise imploy,
'Till He shall your alternate Course destroy.

XXIV.

Let Light, the offspring of the glorious Sun,
Whose flights so swift as thine were begun,
As swiftly reward God in Praises run.

XXV.

Let Darkness too, which fills the World with Dread,
And o're the Earth does quiet silence spread,
In awful Praises hide its gloomy Head.

XXVI.

Ye Lightnings which th' affrighted world amaze,
And dart quick death from your sharp-pointed rays,
In vocal Flashes speak the Thunderer's praise.

XXVII.

Ye Clouds, which from the Earth in vapours rise,
And intercept the influence of the Skies,
Let praises trickle from your weeping eyes.

XXVIII.

Let Nature Ease which Herbs and Fruits does bear,
And with a Thousand Joys relieves our care,
A solemn, grateful Feast to God prepare.

Ye

XXXX.

Ye lofty Mountains of the greatest Fame,
O're your shining Heads swole his Name,
Then Ecchoe to the Valleys down again.

XXXX.

Ye little Hills, with fruitfull Vineyards Crown'd;
For healing Plants, and flowing Springs renown'd,
Let Praises from your shaggie Tops rebound.

XXXI.

Ye verdant Pastures, and ye flowry Plains,
Which glad the painful hearts of labouring Swains,
Praise the Almighty in your Rural strains.

XXXII.

Let Cedars, Cypress, and the Spreading Pine,
The budding Rose, the Olive and the Vine,
Flourish in Praises to the King Divine.

XXXIII.

Ye springs, that do the Tops of Mountains creep,
In hollow cavings, from the shiny Deep,
Soft, lulling Notes do sweetly Murmur keep.

XXXIV.

Some for unusual Ebbs, and Flows renown'd;
Others that borrow vertue from the Ground,
Let all your Glory to the *Lord* redound.

XXXV.

Ye curling Seas, that beat the crooked Shore,
With foaming Mouths, your thanks to Him restore
Who curbs your waves, & calms you when you roar.

XXXVI.

Ye grateful Floods, which travel to the Main,
And pay your *Homage*, in a watry Train,
Return with humble Praises back again.

XXXVII.

Ye Whales, and Tenants of the watry Coasts,
Tho' dumb and silent, praise the Lord of *Hosts*;
In signs, more grateful, than the loudest Boasts.

XXXVIII.

Ye winged People of the *Azure* Skie,
Where e're you can your well-fledg'd Pinions try,
In Artless Notes, declare that God is High.

XXXIX.

Ye savage Beasts, which o're the Desarts stray,
When in your Dens, you've laid your panting Prey,
With Howlings, and loud Yells, your Thanks repay.

XXXIX.

Ye creeping Insects, that with nimble pace,
Advance your Snaky Folds from place to place,
In all your winding turns, God's Glory trace.

XXXIX.

Ye fleecy Flocks, upon a Thousand Hills,
Whose hungry mouths the green Grass fills,
Bleat praise to Him, from whom your food distils.

XXXIX.

Your Shepherd never does his Temples steep,
In sluming Dews, of soft, refreshing sleep,
But with a watchful eye, your Bodys does keep.

XXXIX.

Let other Beasts, chase in fat pastures feed,
The Lowing Ox, the Cow, and neighing Steed,
Proclaim His Bounty, who supplies their need.

Ye

XLV.

XLVI.

XLVII.

XLVIII.

XXX.

Let [illegible]
And load [illegible]
Then [illegible]

LX.

Ye *Levites*, [illegible]
O [illegible]
With, [illegible]
And in [illegible]

LXI.

Ye servants [illegible]
You, [illegible]
Can [illegible]
Contemn [illegible]
And [illegible]

NOTE.

I [illegible]
Ye Souls who from the Earth have took your flight,
[illegible]
Let praises be your Joy, and chief delight.
[illegible]
Ye holy Men, who tread th' [illegible]
Which leads to Regions of Eternal Day,
Praise God because you do not goe astray.

FINIS.

Ye

LV.

LVI.

NOTE.

PSAL. 13. Stanz. 3. *It may be asked why the Angels (having finished their Creation in six days) are now employed in their constant imployment in Heaven to sing Hallelujahs unto him? To which I answer, that they being created to praise God, it is as much by way of congratulation as exhortation, according to that saying of Ovid,*

Qui monet ut facias quod jam facis, ipse monendo
Laudat, & horteris comprobat acta tuo.

He at once exhorts thee, and commends thee too.

FINIS.